

THE  
Island-Princess:

As it is

ACTED

AT THE

Theatre Royal,

Reviv'd with

ALTERATIONS.

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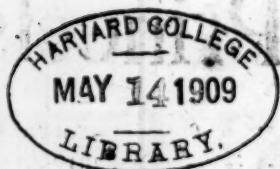
By N. Tate, Gent.

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L O N D O N:

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Gift of  
Frank G. Thomson  
of Philadelphia

TO THE  
Right Honourable  
**HENRY**  
**Ld. Walgrave,**  
BARON of CHEWTON,  
COMPTROLLER  
OF HIS  
Majesty's Household.

My Lord,

**VV** Hen I consider'd that the design  
of my Authors in this Poem,  
was to shew transcendent Ver-  
tue, Piety and Constancy successful; I was

## Epistle Dedicatory.

directed by Duty, as well as Inclination, to present it to your Lordship's Protection. The same pious Affections and Habits of Mind, were no less your Lordship's choice than Education. Nor is our Armusia more happy than your Lordship in a beauteous and royal Recompence, whose Perfections are but faintly shadowed in the Character of Quisara : No single merit obtain'd your Lordship so great a Blessing, but those universal Endowments and eminent Qualifications of Mind, by which you have Charm'd the Affections of all good Men, and which will adorn your Lordship's Name as long as Learning, Piety and Loyalty, shall preserve a Reputation in the World. Amongst the present Ornaments of our Court, whose Accomplishments have rendered



## Epistle Dedicatory.

dread them happy Objects of their Prince's  
Favour, your Lordship is allow'd to have  
no inferiour Claim. For as in the natural  
Body, our Animal Spirits are Supply'd  
by our most refin'd and vital Blood, such  
noble and ancient Families, as your Lord-  
ship's, are the proper Supplements to a  
declining Nobility. Many are your  
Advantages, both of Birth and For-  
tune. But not contented with descended  
Glories, your Lordship has imbellish'd  
those Honours with no less noble and  
acquir'd Endowments. To you, my Lords  
our Foreign Ministers may resort, to  
inform themselves of the Manners and  
Languages of their own Courts. And Your  
Lordship with the Experience and Pru-  
dence of Ulysses has seen both Men  
and

## Epistle Dedicatory.

and Countries, from which you have  
inrich'd your self with all that was good,  
and left all their Vices and Vanities be-  
hind. But these, my Lord, your excel-  
lent Qualifications are fitter to adorn our  
Annals, than a private Dedication. All  
my present Ambition is to beg your Lord-  
ship's favourable Censure on this follow-  
ing Essay. It had been Presumptuous  
in me without some Obligation (which  
I could not well decline) to attempt  
an Alteration in any Composition of Beau-  
mond and Fletcher. Those Defects in  
Manners, that were too palpable through  
the Work, must be imputed to the Age  
in which they Wrote; but still there are  
so many and transcending Beauties in  
all their Writings, that I will not pass  
est

## Epistle Dedicatory.

*est to Rob their Treasure for a Tribute  
to your Lordship. The Metal is still  
the same, but whether it has gain'd or  
lost by the new Stamp, must be submit-  
ted to your Lordship, by him, that is on-  
ly Ambitious to be allow'd*

Your Lordship's most

Humble Servant

And Admirer,

N. Tate.

**THE  
PERSONS.**

*Islanders.*

King of Tedore  
Quifara  
Panura  
Governour  
Bakam  
Syana

Mr. Kynaston.  
Mrs. Cook.  
Mrs. Momford.  
Mr. Gillo.  
Mr. Powel.  
Mr. Harris.

*Portuguese's.*

Ruidias  
Armusia  
Sforza  
Emanuel  
Pymero  
Chrystophero  
Pedro

Mr. Griffin.  
Mr. Smith.  
Mr. Norris.  
Mr. Powel Junior.  
Mr. Momford.

Guards, Townsamen, Attendants.

*Scene Tedore.*

**THE**

[1]

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THE  
Island Princess:  
OR,  
GENEROUS PORTUGALS.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Entrance to the Temple in the Palace.*

Pymero, Chrystopheso, Pedro.

*Pym.*

Y

OU'RE early *Pedro.*

*Ped.* Not so early, Sir,

But I've already seen our watch re-  
liev'd,

And bid our Guards be careful of  
their Charge,

The Fort being all our Strength.

*Chryst.* Our common safety

Requires strict Eyes upon these Islanders:

Believe me, Sirs, they're false and desperate People,

And cruel as they're crafty, when they find

The least advantage of Surprize.

*Ped.* 'Tis plain:

B

Their



Their late attempt is yet too fresh amongst us,  
 In which against all Arms and Honesty  
 The Governour of *Ternata* seiz'd by stealth  
 This Islands Monarch, our confederate King,  
 While for diversion coasting in his Barge.

*Chryst.* His royal Sister, the fair *Quisara*.  
 Has shew'd a noble Mind, and tendrest Love  
 To her afflicted Brother, and the Nobler,  
 Because his Ruin *Stiles* her Absolute,  
 The Heire's and Possessour of his Throne.

*Ped.* Such Charms and Vertue with just Admiration  
 Have robb'd the neighbouring Courts, and fill'd her Palace  
 With royal Suiters.

*Pym.* Good.

*Chryst.* You smile *Pymero*.

*Pym.* Yet——

*Ped.* What?

*Pym.* If Fame has left her old trick of Lying,  
 Our Countryman and General, brave *Rindias*  
 Is in amongst 'em too, and has the start  
 Or my she-Oracle deceives me.

*Chryst.* I have observ'd him oft, how privately  
 He has stoln from us, and how readily  
 Feigned business too, yea bid the Fort farewell:  
 Sure there is something in't.

*Pym.* Yet this grave Uncle  
 Has read me Lectures.

*Ped.* Yet you car'd not for't.

*Pym.* I' Faith not much, I ventur'd on still easily,  
 And took my chance, Danger's a Souldiers honour.

*Chryst.* Might he succeed——

*Pym.* Fear not, our Family ne'er fail'd.

*Chryst.* But have you, *Pedro*, seen the young *Armusa*?  
 The handsome Portuguese arrived here lately?  
 'Tis odds, *Pymero*, but he marrs your Game.

*Ped.* A Youth of noble promise, goodly, courteous,  
 Without Reservedness, grave, and doublets Valiant,  
 For he that dares come hither, dares Fight any where.

*Chryst.* Remember w'are th' Palace of the Island,

Not

Not our own Fort : d'ye mark those Preparations ?  
 Those Doors give entrance to the Princess Shrine,  
 The Seat of her Devotion, where this Morning  
 She Summons all her Suiters to assemble;  
 But for what purpose in such solemn State,  
 And that most awful Place, we are yet to learn.

*Pym.* Work for her *Myrmedons*.

*Ped.* But who are Chief ?

*Chryst.* There's first your King of *Bakam*, that speaks louder  
 In his own Commendations than a Cannon ;  
 Yet He's struck Dumb with her.

*Ped.* *Syana's* Prince too,  
 A sprightly Lover, wise, and temperate :  
 The chief Sport, or rather Wonder, is ;  
 The haughty Governour, her mortal Enemy,  
 He that surpriz'd her Brother, is struck too ;  
 And under formal Hostages arriv'd.  
 But see the noble Stranger we describ'd.

*Enter Armusia, and his Companions.*

*Pym.* **Y**OU'RE welcome Sir :  
 Know there is nothing in our Power to serve you,  
 But you may freely challenge.

*Arm.* Sir, we thank you,  
 And rest your Servants.

*Chryst.* Brave *Armusia*,  
 You never saw this Court before.

*Arm.* No Sir,  
 And therefore least in Wonder and Delight  
 Such Government —

*Chryst.* You shall see more anon,  
 That which will make you start; but hark,  
 The Signal's giv'n, and see the Pageants *Enter*.

*Enter*

*Enter Bakam, Syana, and Governour with their Respective Attendants.*

*Arm.* **T** Hese sure are Islanders.

*Chryst.* And Princes.

*Arm.* They are goodly Persons: What might hebe, Seignior,  
That bears so proud a Port?

*Pym.* The King of *Bakam*,  
A Fellow that looks so highly,  
As if he had been begot on the Top of a Steeple,

*Chryst.* This is *Syana*,  
A braver temper'd Fellow, and more valiant.

*Sfor.* What rugged Face is that?

*Chryst.* The Governour;  
He that surpriz'd the King, and keeps him Captive.

*Pym.* See, their Eyes Lighten; Ware Thunder, Gentlemen.

*Ba.* Away ye Trifles,  
Am I in competition with such Toys?

*Sy.* You speak loud, Sir.

*Ba.* Young Man, I will speak louder;  
Can any Man but I deserve her Favour?  
Ye petty Princes!

*Pym.* He'll put 'em all in's Pocket.

*Sy.* Thou proud vain Thing, whom Nature

*Ba.* I contemn Thee,  
And that Fort-keeping Fellow.

*Pym.* How the Dog looks!  
The Bandog Governour.

*Gov.* Ha!

*Ba.* Keep thy Rank, Thing, with thy own petty Peers:  
Call out the Princefs.

*Gov.* Dost thou know me, *Bladder*?  
Art thou acquainted with my Nature?  
What canst thou merit?

*Ba.* Merit! I'm above it.  
Honour's my Servant, Fortune is my slave;  
I slight ye Insects: had not the vain people

Bestow'd

Bestow'd some Titles on ye,  
I should forget your Names.

*Ped.* Mercy on me

What a blown Fool has self-affection made!

*Chryst.* His Mother long'd for Bellows sure and Bag-pipes.

*Pym.* Swallow'd a Drum, and was deliver'd of an Alarm.

*Sy.* Sir, talk a little handsomer; talk softer,

That we may be able to hold pace with you; We are Princes,

But those are petty things with you: talk wiser,

As 'twill become your Mightiness: talk less,

That Men may think you can do more.

*Gov.* Talk Truth,

That Men may think y'are honest, and believe you.

*Ba.* Why, I can talk and do.

I'll tell you, only I deserve the Princess,

And make good only I; if you dare, you,

Or you, *Syana's* Prince.

*Sy.* Here lies my proof.

*Gov.* I'll be short with you,

For those long Arguments I was never good at.

*Pym.* How white the Boaster looks,

[*The Temple opens.*]

*Enter Ruidias; Quisara, in State with her Attendants.*

*Ru.* **F**OR shame forbear ye Princes, raise your Angers;

You violate the Freedom of this Place,

The State and Royalty —

*Gov.* He's well content I see, so I have done.

*Arm.* Is this the Seignior?

*Pym.* This is the Princess, Sir.

*Arm.* An admirable Form: They had cause to justify.

*Quis.* You wrong me and my Court, contentious Princes:

Comes your Love dress'd in Violence to seek us?

Is't fit our Palace, this most sacred Shrine

Should be polluted with your bloody Rages?

My very Altar's frighted with your Swords;  
 He that loves me, loves my Commands; be temperate,  
 Or be no more what you profess, my Servants.

*Omn.* We are calm as Peace.

*Arm.* Heav'n! What command she carries,  
 And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her.

*Qui.* Since you're for Action, I shall find you Danger;  
 But not this way: 'tis not this mean Contention  
 Amongst your selves, nor Courtship to my Face:  
 Who best can love, or who can flatter most,  
 Shall guide my Choice; he that will hope my favour  
 Must winn me with his Worth.

*Omn.* Propose the way.

*Qui.* I shall, and then shew you

A will to tread that way, I'll say you're worthy.

*Pym.* What Task now will she turn them to? These hot  
 Will find a cooling Card. (Youths I fear)

*Qui.* First I shall call our Country Gods to witness  
 With highest Adorations, what I promise.

[Goes up to the Altar, kneels and kisses it.]

Now give me hearing: 'tis well known to you  
 I had a Royal Brother, now most Wretched,  
 And Prisoner to this Man: were I Ambitious,  
 Or coveted these Glories not Born mine,  
 His Miseries should bear a lasting Date;  
 Or were I Covetous; had my Heart set  
 On Riches, or on pleasures Uncontroul'd,  
 There he should Die, his Death would give me These,  
 For then stood I up absolute.

Yet all these flattering shews of Dignity,  
 These golden Dreams of Greatness cannot force me  
 To forget Nature and a King's Distress.

*Pym.* Now Uncle play the Marks-man.

Quick, watch her Word, and shoot on the Wing.

*Qui.* Therefore the Man that would be known my Lover,  
 Must first be known my Brothers sain'd Redeemer:  
 Bring him alive or dead to my Embraces,  
 (For even his Bones must scorn such Slavery.)  
 Or seek another Mistress.



*Arm.* Divine Creature!

*Chryst.* How they stand gaping all!

*Quis.* I grant ye Princes 'twill be hard

To do this, wondrous hard, a great Adventure:

But finish't, the Reward is worthy of it.

You hear your Task.

*Pym.* Tell her 'tis done, Sir;

You'll ride upon a Whirlwind,

And bring him home on Lightning.

*Quis.* ~~Ruidias~~ Ruidias, cold? not fly like Fire into't.

Perhaps you doubt me, Princes,

He that shall do this is my Husband;

By that most bright and sacred Shrine I Swear,

Before these holy Men I here proclaim it.

No stirring yet.

[ Looks on Ruidias.

*Rui.* If, Madam, to attempt

This royal Rescue, through all forms of Danger,

Might Crown our Hope, I had not lost this Minute;

But here, where Conduct must keep pace with Courage,

The starting fiery Will is rein'd with Torment

To Judgment's slower March.

*Quis.* Take your own Method.

*Ba.* Madam, believe him here: I'll raise an Army,

Shall bring him to your Island, Fort and all,

And fix it here.

*Gov.* How long will this be doing?

You should have begun this in your Grandfire's Days.

*Sy.* What may be, Madam,

And what my power can promise, I engage:

My Will I'm sure stands fair.

*Gov.* Ha! ha!

Madam, their Power and Arts are all too weak,

'Tis only in my Will to give your wishes.

The King your Brother is my Prisoner;

Then thus the Bargain finish'd, take your Prisoner,

And make me yours, close Prisoner to these Arms:

Say but the word, your Brother shall be Rendred

Quick as your Wish.

*Quis.*

*Quif.* Know base *Ravisher*,  
 I hate both you, your Country, and your Love:  
 Heav'n knows how dear I prize his Liberty;  
 But 'ere I would so basely buy his Freedom,  
 I'd study to forget he was my Brother.  
 By force you took him; he that would possess me,  
 Must fetch him back by force, or ne'er succeed.

*Arm.* Noble Spirit.

*Pym.* Now could I love her, though she's Vertuous.

*Quif.* By force, and make you glad to let him go.

*Gov.* You may look nobler on me.

*Quif.* I say by force, and suddenly;

He lies there till he Rots else: so return, Sir,  
 And glad we have kept Faith for your safe passage,  
 Rather than take him as thy Courtesy;  
 Though no Condition were propos'd, I'd see him  
 Far sunk in Earth, and there forget him.

*Gov.* How's this?

*Pym.* Your Hopes are great, good Governour.

*Gov.* Am I then made a Property?

I'll check this Pride, I'll quench this Bravery,  
 And turn your glorious Scorn to Tears and Howling;  
 I will, proud Princess: This Neglect of me  
 Shall make your Brother King most Miserable;  
 For as till now I've us'd him like a King,  
 And seen all Royal Offices perform'd,  
 He now shall lie a sad Leath'rd Dungeon,  
 Loaden with Chains and Fetters, Cold and Hunger,  
 Darkness and lingring Death for his Companions:  
 And let me see who dares attempt his Rescue;  
 What desperate Fool looks towards it: Farewel:  
 And when you find him thus lament your Scorn,  
 Nay, I shall make you kneel to take my Offer.  
 Once more farewell; and put your Trust in Puppits. [Ex.]

*Quif.* If none dare undertake't, I'll live a Mourner.  
 Now *Ruidiat.* [Ex. with her Train.]

*Rui.* Cousin we must resolve and speedily.  
 Walk with me, Gentlemen. [Ex.]

*Manent Armus. Sforza; Emanuel.*  
*Em.* Now, Sir, you stand as you were Charm'd. *Arm.*

*Arm.* O Sforza and Emanuel!

*Sfor.* What now?

*Arm.* This Captive King!

*Sfor.* I see your drift, and fear'd the consequence.  
Consult your safety, Sir, we know your worth,  
And must not see you perish; you are my charge.

*Arm.* What an Action

Would this be to put forward, Sirs? What Glory?

*Em.* And what an everlasting wealth to Crown it?

*Arm.* To step into't while they are thinking.

*Sfor.* Sir, 'tis impossible,

The Fort's impregnable without a Guard.

*Arm.* By Heav'n I'll rule in this.

*Sfor.* If it must be!

*Arm.* Stay not for second Thoughts--- O she's an Angel!

At least we can attempt, our very Fate  
Will sometimes be the Theam of her Discourse,  
And I would die Ten thousand thousand Deaths  
To have her talk of me. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. A Prison.

*Enter Keeper and two or three Moors.*

*Keep.* **I** Have kept many Men, and many great,  
But must confess I never saw till now  
A Person of such sufferance; he lies now  
Where I would not have laid my Enemies Dog,  
Where neither Light nor Comfort can approach him,  
Nor Air nor Earth that's wholesome.

*1 Moor.* 'Tis most strange,  
Load him with Irons, oppress him with Contempts,  
Such are our Governours Orders; give him nothing  
To feed Life, or so small 'tis next to nothing,  
It moves not him, he smiles upon his Miseries,  
And bears 'em with such strength, as if his Nature  
Had been Nurst-up, and Foster'd with Calamities.

*Keep.* He gives no ill words, curses not, repines not,  
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing.

*2 Moor.* And in the midst of all these Frights, fears nothing.

C

*Keep.*

*Keep.* He fears not, even when I my self shake for him,  
As many times my pity will constrain me;  
When other Souls that bear not half his Burden,  
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their oppression,  
Then will he Sing; wooe his Afflictions,  
And Court them in sad Aires, as he wou'd wed'em.

[ *Open that Vault and give him Breath*  
[ *King appears in Chains, his Head and*  
*Arms only above the Dungeon.*

1. *Moor.* What stubborn weight of Chains?

2. *Moor.* Yet he looks temperately.

No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him;  
How constantly he Smiles, and how undaunted.

*Keep.* Mark with what Majesty he heaves his Head up.  
Hark now. [ *Musick and Song.*

1. *Moor.* O charming Grief!

*Keep.* Do not disturb him —

[ *Goes forward with the provisions.*

Sir, your allowance from the Governour; wou'd 'twere more,  
Or in my pow'r to make it handsomer.

*King.* Do not transgress thy Charge, I take his bounty;  
Fate hurts not him that bears a mind contented,  
And hangs not on vain hopes, that may corrupt him.

*Enter Governour.*

*Keep.* The Governour himself.

*Gov.* What, at your Banquet?

And in such State, and with such change of Service?

*King.* Nature's no Glutton, Sir; a little serves her.

*Gov.* This Diet's wholesom then.

*King.* I Beg no better.

*Gov.* Give him less next,

These full Meals will oppress his Health; his Grace  
Is of a tender Constitution.

*King.* Mock on, it moves not me, Sir.

I cast your Mirth and Malice both behind me.

*Gov.* You carry't handsomly, but tell me, *Patience,*  
Do you not Curse the brave and Royal Lady,

Your

Your gracious Sister ? Do you not Dam her pity ?  
 Dam twenty times a Day ? Dam seriously ?  
 Could'st thou not wish her a Bastard, Whore, or that  
 Thou had'st no Sister ?  
 Blaspheming Heav'n for making such a Mischief ;  
 For giving Pow'r to Pride, and Will to Women ?

*King.* No, Tyrant, no, I love and Bless her for't ;  
 And though her Scorn of Thee should heap upon me  
 As many Plagues as Air corrupted breeds ;  
 As many Mischiefs, as the Hours have Minutes ;  
 As many forms of Death, as doubt can Frame,  
 I still should Love her more ; more Honour her.  
 All thou can'st lay upon me, cannot bend me,  
 Not even the stroak of Death, that I despise too.  
 So let *Quisara* always scorn thy Love ;  
 As I for ever shall despise thy Cruelty.  
 Cou'd fear possess me thou shouldest ever Win her :  
 And that she is not Mistress of this Temper,  
 She is no Kin to me, and I condemn her.

*Gov.* You are Valiant, Sir.

*King.* Yes Sir, and Fortunate ;  
 For he that holds my Constancy, still Conquers.

*Gov.* You will relent for all this Talk, I fear not.

*King.* You are Cozen'd ;  
 Or if I were so weak, to be wrought to it,  
 I still should Curse her Heart, if she consented.

*Gov.* You shall write, and entreat, or —

*King.* Do thy outmost.  
 I'th' mid'st of all thy Tortures, I'll Laugh at thee ;  
 And think thee not more Valiant, but more Villain :  
 Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a Thief  
 Archiev'd by Craft, and kept by Cruelty.

*Gov.* Down with him lower yet, there let him Murmur,  
 And see his Diet be so spare, and little,  
 He grow not thus High-hearted on't — I'll cool ye.  
 Give him no Liberty, let his Bands be doubled ;  
 Let him not Sleep, nothing that's dear to Nature  
 Let him enjoy — yet take heed he Dies not ;  
 Keep him as near Death, as wishing for't ;



As possible : But let him not arrive to't.

I'll humble him,

[ *They sink the King down.*

And her proud Heart, that stands on such defiance;

And let me see her Champions, that dare venture;

Her high and blustering Suiters — keep close Guard,

And as you prize your Lives, be diligent,

And what I charge, observe.

*Omn.* We shall be Dutiful.

[ *Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Vault under the Castle. Armusia, Sforza, Emanuel, with powder Barrels, and light Matches.*

*Arm.* **O** UR prosperous Voyage, was a lucky Omen;  
A lucky, and fair Omen.

*Sfor.* May it prove so.

*Arm.* The Sea and Wind strove which shou'd most be-  
Where lies our Boat? (friend us.

*Sfor.* Safe lodg'd within the Reeds behind the Castle;  
Where no Eye can perceive, or thought suspect.

*Arm.* These Merchants Habits too have done us Service;  
Unquestion'd thus I've Travell'd through the Town;  
View'd all the Tyrants Magazines; got knowledge  
Ev'n of the Prison, and the Pow'r that Guards it  
Where the King's Dungeon'd.

*Sfor.* You attempt strong work.

*Arm.* Courage is strong, beside a Monarchs Fate's in't;  
Yet loose or win, there's no retiring now.

*Sfor.* I see't; your Valiour, Sir, has seal'd your Fate;  
Yet must confess your Ruin will be Glorious.

*Arm.* Thus far our Game holds fair, as Merchants we  
Have hired this Vault, and stow'd those mettled Wares  
That soon will vent themselves without a Chap-man.

*Em.*

*Em.* The Trains are all laid, Sir.

*Arm.* Come nearer then,

That no false Ear may reach us, o'er this Vault  
The Castle stands, where this proud Governour  
Has stor'd his Arms and Treasure, next to that  
The Prison where the injur'd King is kept.

*Sfor.* What of all this?

*Arm.* You're dull, if ye perceive not:

These Friends which we have here bestowed, will soon  
Speak out for us.

*Sfor.* Too loud!

*Arm.* The Fire I here brought with me  
Shall break into material Flames, and bright ones;  
That all the Island shall stand wondering at  
An hour hence; noble Friends, look for the Fury,  
The Fire to light us to our Honour'd purpose.

*Sfor.* Our Funeral.

*Arm.* *Sforza*, I have seen thee braver.

*Sfor.* Hell catch my Soul, if for my self I fear;  
But with what Eyes, can I behold your Fate,  
Your Sinews stretch'd on the revenging Rack.  
(Less cannot be expected) that dear Breast,  
Torn piece-meal, and that noble Heart lie panting.  
The Castle's Ribbed with Rock, the Prison warded.

*Arm.* I say we have a chance for't,  
When the Towns full of fright, the Governour  
Out of his Wits, to see th'imperious Flames:  
The people there employ'd to stop the Ruins,  
And few regarding any private Office:  
Then fly we to the Prison instantly,  
And push for the King's Rescue.

*Em.* Fortune speed us.

*Arm.* Let us be worthy of it by our Courage,  
And so take leave, but keep still within sight,  
Till the Flames Rise, then meet to do or die:  
Fail not dear Fire, and Powder,  
Hold thy Nature

[*Ex.*

*Sfor.* My Heart bodes with thy Fate brave Youth;  
But we will sell thee dearly.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter*

*Enter Governour and Captain.*

*Gov.* No, Captain, for those Troops, we need them not,  
The Town is strong enough to stand their furies;  
I would see 'em come and offer to do something,  
They are high in words.

*Cap.* 'Tis safer, Sir, than doing.

*Gov.* Do'st thou think they dare attempt.

*Cap.* May be, by treaty,  
But sure, by force, they will not prove so forward.

*Gov.* No faith, I warrant thee, they know me well enough,  
And know they have no Child in hand to play with:  
They know my nature too, I have bit some of them,  
And to the Bones; they have reason to remember me.  
It makes me laugh to think how glorious  
The Fools are in their promise, and how pregnant  
Their wits and power are to bring things to pass;  
Am not I grown lean with loss of sleep, and care  
To prevent these threatenings, Captain?

*Cap.* You look well, Sir:  
Upon my Conscience, you are not like to sicken  
Upon any such conceit.

*Gov.* I hope I shall not:  
Well, wou'd I had this wench, for I must have her,  
She must be mine; and there's another charge, Captain;  
What betwixt love and brawling, I got nothing:  
All goes in maintenance——

Heark, what's that, [ *The Train takes.*  
That noise there, it went with a violence.

*Cap.* Some old wall, belike, Sir,  
That hath no neighbour-help to hold it up,  
Is fallen suddenly.

*Gov.* I must discard these Rascals,  
That are not able to maintain their buildings,  
They blur the beauty of the Town. [ *Within.*  
Fire, fire.

*Gov.* I hear another Tune, good Captain;  
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful:

Look

Look up into the Town, how bright the Air shews;  
 Upon my life some sudden Fire. [ *Ex. Capt.*  
 The Bell too? [ *Bell Rings.*  
 I hear the noise more clear.

*Enter Citizen.*

*Cit.* Fire, fire.

*Gov.* Where? where?

*Cit.* Suddenly taken in a Merchants Vault, Sir,  
 Fearful and high it blazes; help, good people.

*Gov.* Pox o' their paper houses, how they smother;  
 They light, like Candles; how the Roar still rises?

*Enter Captain.*

*Cap.* Your Magazin's a fire, Sir, help, help suddenly,  
 All will be lost, get the people presently;  
 And all that are your Guard, and all help, all hands, Sir,  
 Your wealth, your strength is burnt else, the Town perish'd,  
 The Castle now begins to flame.

*Gov.* My Soul shakes.

*Cap.* A Merchant's house next joyning? Shame light on him,  
 That ever such a Neighbour, such a Villain——

*Gov.* Go raise all the Garrison, and bring them up.

*Enter other Citizens.*

And beat the people forward—— Oh I have lost all  
 In one House, all my hopes, good worthy Citizens,  
 Follow me all, and all your powers give to me;  
 I will reward you all. Oh cursed fortune——  
 The flames more, arise still, help, help, Citizens,  
 Freedom and wealth to him that helps; follow, oh follow,  
 Fling Wine, or any thing, I'll see it recompenc'd.  
 Buckets, more buckets, fire, fire, fire. [ *Ex. Omnes.*

*Then*

*Then Enter Armusia and his Company breaking open a Door.*

*Arm.* So, thou art open, keep the way clear  
Behind still, now for the place.

*Sould.* 'Tis here, Sir.

*Arm.* Sure, this is it,  
Force open the door—— A miserable Creature,  
Yet, by his manly face—— [ *The King discovered.*

*King.* Why stare ye on me ?

You cannot put on Faces to fright me :  
In Death, I am a King still, and contemn ye :  
Where is that Governour ? Methinks his manhood  
Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,  
And come to Bath his stern eyes in my sorrows ;  
I dare him to the fight, bring his scorn with him,  
And all his rugged threats, here's a throat, Souldiers,  
Come see who can strike deepest.

*Em.* Break the Chain there.

*King.* What does this mean ?

*Arm.* Come, talk of no more Governours,  
He has other business ; Sir, put your Legs forward,  
And gather up your courage, like a man,  
We are Friends,  
And come to give your Sorrows ease.

*Sfor.* On bravely ;  
Delays may lose all agen.

*Enter Guard.*

*Arm.* The Guard.

*Sfor.* Upon 'em.

*Arm.* Make speedy and sure work.

*Em.* They fly.

*Arm.* Up with them, & to the Boat stand, fast, now be speedy,  
When this heat's past, we'll sing our History  
Away like Thought.

*Sfor.*



*Sfor.* Now sacred Chance be ours.

*Em.* Pray when we have done, Sir.

[ *Exeunt bearing off the King.* ]

*Enter Four Townsmen.*

1. What, is the Fire out ? or past the worst yet ?

2. 'Tis out Neighbour, I can tell you, but whether past the worst, or no, I know not. I never wrought so stoutly since I was a Man ; I have been burnt at both ends like a Squib, — I liv'd two long Hours in the Fire : The Flame at last got down my Throat, and broke out again at my North-Door. If they had not clap'd in a Dozen Buckets upon me as they did, I had flam'd up, and been one of the Seven Stars by this time.

3. He wou'd have made a rare Flambeau.

1. Well said Wax-Chandler ; thou art in thy Element.

4. Now you talk of Elements, 'pray' Neighbours how many Elements are there ?

1. Why, there's but one, Fool, where the Sun and Moon dwell, and all their little Prentices.

2. Well said Shopkeeper : Thou art in thy Element too. Dost call 'em Prentices, I have known 'em These Three-score Years, and sure they are out of their time by this, or they do not serve by our Charter. I tell ye there are four Elements ; Water and Malt, are two of 'em ; and Fire and Brimstone t'other. They have past through me a little too late, I thank 'em.

3. My Wife took leave of me a hundred times after I was burnt to a Cinder, yet I bore up still, and tost the Buckets, Boys.

4. I th' latter end o' th' hurry, me thought I heard a Voice cry, Treason.

3. Murder you might, by Timbers falling, but for my part as a House fell, I still slept into th' Chimney.

1. Ay, Neighbour, if ev'ry Man had wrought as you did.

3. Why ? I stole nothing Neighbour.

2. How many Rogues were there pretending to help remove Goods, and ran away with them ?

D

4. And

4. And your damn'd, Suburb Cart-rogues: an I were Governour, I would not leave a Carter unhang'd for twenty Miles round. This honesty is my ruin, Neighbours; I could have born my Poverty, had Fortune not made me honest; or Honesty, if she had not made me poor, but both together—— the Devil himself were not able to live on't.

2. Right Neighbour, my Conscience whisper'd me to Steal in the Fire, but my honesty would not suffer it. O for some Drink; get me a whole Tun of Drink, whole Cisterns, for I have Four Dozen of Fire-brands in my Belly, and Smoak enough in my Throat, to bloat a Shoal of Herrings.

3. We'll lay you under the Tap, and let the Tub run through you.

2. And, Neighbour, you shall lie at my Bung again, to take't at second-hand.

1. Well, since we have no plunder our selves, let's set our selves to Drink, and rail at them that have.

2. Look, yonder comes our Governour, a worse Plague than the Fire; he has Beams enough yet standing to hang all for helping him. Away. . [ *Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to the Isle of Tedore.*

*Enter Ruidias and Sailers:*

*Rui.* **M**AKE ready all, we'll Sail with the next Flood. 'Tis fit I should be foremost in the Attempt, As in her favour, I stand first—— Let's see.

[ *Shouts of Triumph at Distance.*

My self, my Cousin, and my Garrison;  
With our Confederate Neighbours o'th' out-Isles.  
I trust we cannot fail. —— What means that shout?

*Enter Pymero.*

*Pym.* Where are you, Sir?

*Rui.*

*Rui.* Not yet aboard, *Pymero*?

*Pym.* Alas we are topt, Sir:

Turn'd all to shotten Herrings, the King, Sir:

The King's come home agen.

*Rui.* The Devil —

*Pym.* Nay, sure he came o' Gods Name:

*Rui.* Who shou'd attempt him:

The Princes are all here.

*Pym.* 'Tis done, Sir, and most bravely.

*Rui.* It cannot be! done! Who dares do it?

*Pym.* An honest Fellow, who it seems has ended  
His Market, 'ere you were up.

*Shout again. Enter Quisara, Panura, and her Train.*

*Quis.* Can it be possible,

A stranger, that I have not known nor seen;

A man I never grac'd: O Captain, Captain!

[ *To Ruidias.*

What shall we do? I am betray'd by Fortune:

It cannot, shall not be.

*Rui.* 'Twas Witch-craft did it:

No mortal means cou'd take effect so soon.

*Quis.* Must I then be given

To a Man I never saw, nor spoke withal,

And know not of what Nation? — O *Ruidias,*

This might have your Lot —

[ *Shout again.*

The general Joy comes on, and I must meet it:

But with what Comfort —

*Enter as in Triumph, the King, Armusia, Sforza, Emanuel,  
and Crowds of People: The Princes with their Train  
meet them from the other side.*

*King.* Rise my Sister!

I am not welcome yet, till you embrace me.

*Quis.* My Dear, and Royal Brother! Joy o'er pow'rs me,  
To see you safe again, your Self and Mighty.

*Rui.* A general gladness, Sir, spreads through the City.

And Mirth possesses all for your Redemption,  
 'Twas a brave Venture, whosoever put for it ;  
 A high and noble One, worthy much honour ;  
 Yet had it mist, my Project had not fail'd,  
 And in short time——

*King.* I thank you noble, Sir ;  
 I know you love me.

*Ba.* I have an Army, Sir,  
 That wou'd have scowr'd your Tyrant, and his Confines,  
 And rung him such a Peal.

*Pym.* Yes, backward,  
 To make a Dog howl.

*Sya.* I have done nothing, Sir, and therefore think't  
 Convenient to say little what I purpos'd,  
 And what my Love design'd.

*King.* I like your Modesty. My royal Friends,  
 I thank ye all: I know it griev'd ye  
 To hear my Misery—— but this Man, Princes,  
 I must thank heartily indeed ;  
 For this Man saw me in it, and redeem'd me ;  
 He look't upon me sinking, and plundg'd for me.  
 This wondrous Man, even from the Grave of Sorrow,  
 Has new begot my Name, and once more made me:  
 O Sister, if there may be thanks for this,  
 Or any thing near Recompence, invent it.

*Arm.* You are too noble, Sir ; there is reward,  
 Reward above my Action too, by Millions ;  
 A Recompence so rich and glorious,  
 I durst not dream it mine—— but that it was promis'd,  
 But that it was Propounded, Sworn and Seal'd  
 Before the Face of Heav'n.  
 For nothing in the life of Man or Merit,  
 (It is so truly great ) cou'd else embrace it.

*King.* O speak it, speak it, bless my Ear to hear it ;  
 Make me a happy Man to know 't may be ;  
 For still methinks I am a Prisoner,  
 And feel no Liberty, till I find that.

*Arm.* It is—— but first to Heav'n, and you I bend,  
 If either can forgive the high Demand ;

It is your Sister, royal Sir ; she's mine :  
 I claim her, by her own word, and her honour :  
 It was her open promise to the Man,  
 That durst redeem you — Beauty set me on,  
 And Fortune Crowns me fair, if she receive me.

*King.* Receive you, Sir, — why Sister — ha — turn from him ?  
 Stand as you knew not me, nor what he has ventur'd,  
 My dearest Sister ?

*Arm.* Good, Sir, your pardon :  
 There is a blushing Modesty about her  
 That holds her back ; Virgins are nice to Love ;  
 I wou'd not have her forc'd ; give her fair liberty :  
 Creatures of such soft Nature, if compell'd,  
 Turn into fears, and fly from their own Wishes.

*King.* Look on him Princess, is there such another ?  
 Oh ! all ye Pow'rs so excellent in Nature ;  
 In Honour, so abundant !

*Quis.* I confess,  
 My word is pass'd, and he by that has purchas'd ;  
 But, good Sir, give me leave to think some time  
 To be acquainted with his worth — We are Strangers.  
 For Love like Power, must pass through Ceremonies,  
 'Ere he can fix in Virgin Hearts.

*King.* Be sudden,  
 You will respect your Word, I know you will ;  
 I'll be your pledge, my *Hero*, come my Sister,  
 Let's see what welcome you can give a Prisoner,  
 And what fair looks, a Friend —  
 Thus in my Arms, once more.

*Arm.* You make me blush, Sir.

*King.* Lead on, This Day shall see  
 Our whole Court Crown'd with Pleasure.

*Quis.* O *Ruidias*.

ACT.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Palace.*

Armusia, Sforza, Emanuel.

*Em.* **W**H Y are you sad, Sir, what can grieve or vex you?  
That have the pleasures of the World, the profits,  
The Honours, and the Loves at your dispose?

*Arm.* I want what Beggars are allow'd I mean content.  
I want the Grace I have merited, the favour,  
The due respect.

*Sfor.* Does not the King allow it?

*Arm.* Yes, and all Honours else that I can ask,  
Or he has power to give: but Oh / his Sister,  
That scornful Cruelty; forgive me, Beauty,  
That I Transgress from her, that shou'd look on me;  
That shou'd a little Smile upon my Service,  
And soften my Deserts, for her own Faith's sake:  
That shou'd at least acknowledge me, speaks to me.

*Em.* And you go Sighing up and down for this;  
Lamenting and disputing of your Grievances?

*Arm.* What wou'd you have me do?  
*Em.* Do what a Man wou'd in this Case, a wise man,  
An understanding Man, that knows the Sex.  
Go to her.

*Sfor.* That's the way.

*Em.* And talk as you fought for her boldly;  
Both what you are, and what you have deserv'd.

*Arm.* It makes me smile.

*Em.* Now you look handsomely;  
Had I so fair a Prize to win,  
I wou'd so flatter.

*Sfor.* Pray take our Counsel.

*Arm.* I shall do something,  
But not your way, it seems too Boisterous,

For

For my Affections are as fair, and gentle,  
As her I serve. Friends leave me to my thoughts  
An Hour or two, anon you shall command me.

*Em.* I hate this thinking, it marrs all business.

*Sfor.* We shall look for you, Sir.

[ *Ex. Sforza, Emanuel.*

*Arm.* What shall I do to make her know my Misery,  
To make her sensible—— This is her Woman.

[ *Enter Panura.*

I have a Toy come to me suddenly,  
That may work for the best, she can't but scorn me,  
Lower I cannot fall—— I try my Fate:  
May I presume, fair One——

*Pan.* 'Tis the brave Stranger.

Now by my Ladies Hand, a handsome Gentleman.  
How happy shall she be in such a Husband:  
Wou'd I were so provided.

*Arm.* Can you have so much Charity for a Stranger;  
To let him pass this Evening in your Company,  
And what must be a Charity indeed  
( In one whose Youth and Beauty dart such Charms )  
To think my meaning fair.

*Pan.* I dare believe you ;  
Or if it were not, that's no great matter,  
What have we Vertue for, but to be exercis'd ;  
Besides we take mens promises—— Wou'd you speak  
With me, Sir ?

*Arm.* That you wou'd favour me with your acquaintance;  
I wou'd say Friendship, for my Grief requires it.  
You are the Princess confident,  
And wait upon her near ?

*Pan.* I understand you.

*Arm.* With one kind office, you may bind a Gentleman  
Hereafter to be yours.  
Such beauteous Faces shou'd have courteous Minds,  
And ready Faculties.

*Pan.* Tell me your business ;  
Yet if it be to her, I think your self, Sir,  
Wou'd do much better :

The

The Princess must be pleas'd with your Addresses ;  
I'm sure I shou'd.

*Arm.* I want assurance,  
And yet am but a Stranger, wou'd fain speak with her.

*Pan.* 'Tis growing late, and on her Hour of Sleep.

*Arm.* Pray wear this, and believe my meaning Civil.  
My business of that fair respect and carriage.

*Pan.* I must do't now, an' I were to be hang'd : nay, and I  
Will do't ; for another so good, and from a Gentleman  
So handsom, I shou'd even venture upon high  
Treasure.

*Arm.* I wou'd speak to her, and privately.

*Pan.* So you shall, Sir.

My Service were not else worth thanks : you must  
make hast, Sir.

*Arm.* This Minute.

*Pan.* And I must leave you in my Chamber, Sir :  
Where you must lock your self, that none may see you :  
'Tis next to hers— You cannot miss the Entrance,  
When she comes down to Bed.

*Arm.* Once more I thank ye, Lady.

*Pan.* Thank me but thus.

[ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter King, Governour, like a Moor Priest.*

*King.* So far and truly you have discovered to me  
The former currents of my life and fortunes,  
That I am bold to acknowledge you most holy,  
And certainly to credit your predictions,  
Of what are yet to come.

*Gov.* I am no lyer,  
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a Neighbour ;  
But these are not my ends.

*King.* I pray you sit, good Father,  
Certain a reverend Man, and most Religious.

*Gov.* I ; that belief's well now, and let me work then,  
I'll make ye curse Religion before I leave ye ;  
I have liv'd a long time, Son, a mew'd up Man,  
Sequestred by the special hand of Heaven,

From

From the World's vanity, all to find out knowledge,  
Which I have now attained to, thanks to Heaven,  
All for my Countries good too, and many a Vision,  
Many a Mystick Vision, have I seen Son.  
And many a sight from Heaven, which has been terrible,  
Wherein the goods and evils of these Islands,  
Were lively shadowed; many a charge have I had too,  
Still as the time grew ripe, to reveal these,  
To travel and discover, now I am come, Son,  
The hour is now appointed,  
And now I speak.

*King.* Do holy man, I'll hear ye.

*Gov.* Beware these *Portugals*, I say, beware 'em,  
These smooth-fac'd strangers, have an Eye on 'em,  
The cause is now the Gods; hear and believe, *King*.

*King.*--- I do hear, but before I give rash credit,  
Or hang too-light on belief, which is a Sin, Father;  
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valliant,  
And am in my particular bound to 'em,  
I mean to some for my most strange deliverance.

*Gov.* O Son, the future aims of men! observe me,  
Above their present actions, and their glory,  
Are to be looked at, the Stars show many turnings  
If you could see, mark but with my eye, Pupil;  
These men came hither, as my Vision tells me,  
Poor, weather-beaten, almost starved, feeble,  
Their Vessels like themselves, most miserable,  
Made a long sute for Trafique, and for comfort,  
To vend their Childrens toys, cure their diseases:  
They had their sute, they landed and to the rate,  
Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the Fat and Freedom  
Of thy most noble Isle, taught her to tremble,  
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,  
They have clapt up the neck of your *Tidore*,  
This happy Town, till that she knew these strangers;  
To check her, when she is Jolly.

*King.* They have so, indeed Father.

*Gov.* Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,  
Though you be pleased to glorifie that Fortune,

And think these strangers Goods, take heed, I say,  
 I find it but a handsome preparation,  
 A fair fac'd Prologue to future mischief:  
 Mark but the end, good King, the pin he shoots at,  
 That was the Man delivered ye; the Mirrour.  
 Your Sister is his due, what's she, your heir, Sir?  
 And what's he a kin then to the Kingdom?  
 But heirs are not Ambitious, who then suffers?  
 What Reverence shall the Gods have? and what Justice?  
 The miserable People, what shall they do?

*King.* He points at Truth directly.

*Gov.* Think of these, Son:

The Person, nor the manner I dislike not  
 Of your Preserver, nor the whole Man together,  
 Were he but season'd in the Faith we are,  
 Or our Devotions learned.

*King.* You say right, Father.

*Gov.* To change our worships now, and our Religion;  
 To be Traytor to our God.

*King.* You have well advis'd me,  
 And I will seriously consider, Father,  
 In the mean time you shall have your fair access  
 Unto my Sister, advise her to your purpose,  
 And let me still know how the Gods determine.

*Gov.* I will, but my main end is to advise  
 The Destruction of you all, a general Ruine,  
 And when I am reveng'd, let the Gods whistle. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

*Quisara laid Melancholy. Panura waiting. Soft Musick  
 and Song.*

*Quis.* **M**ake me unready,  
 I slept but ill last Night.

*Pan.* You'll sleep the better to Night I hope, Madam.

*Quis.* A little Rest contents me — fetch my Book.

*Pan.* I'm glad of that.

*Quis.* I'll read awhile before I sleep.

And



And if *Ruidias* meet you, and be importunate,  
He may come in.

*Pan.* I have better fare for you.  
Now least in sight play I.

[*Aside.*  
*Exit Pánura.*

*Quisara alone.*

*Quis.* Ye Gods how happy is that Shepherdess,  
Who through Love is to the Plains confined,  
And ne're aspires above the Shepherds Tribe;  
Yet still she's free to take the Swain she Loves,  
While Royal Virgins Hearts are publick Pawns  
To serve the needs of State; barter'd and sold:  
Nor can I only blame my Birth or Fortune;  
Virtue and Honour have alike betrayed me.  
The Kings restor'd, but I a Prisoner made.  
By promise his Restorer's Sacrifice.  
Oh Fortune! Fatal Virtue! Oh *Ruidas*!

*Enter Armusia, who locks the Door after him.*

Shield me ye Powers! What's here?  
Sure 'tis the Phantasm of the Man I dread;  
Form'd by my Fears: Who are you; and whence come you?

*Arm.* You sure may know me:  
I bring no such Amazement.

*Quis.* Who waits there? rude Intruder speak?  
What means this Treachery? Who let you in?

*Arm.* My restless Love that serves you.

*Quis.* This is an Impudence unparallel'd,  
A rudeness that becomes a Thief or Russian.  
Nor shall my Brother's Love protect this boldness;  
My Rooms are Sanctuaries, and shall be approach'd  
With Reverence equal to the Temples of  
Our Gods.

*Arm.* Mine are not less.

*Quis.* I am Mistress of my self, and will not be  
Thus Visited, slight or boasted Service.

*Arm.* Most Royal ——— [*Approaches her respectfully.*

*Quif.* Stand off, I fee dishonour in your Eyes.

[*Draws a Poniard.*]

*Arm.* There's none.

By all that Beauty they are innocent;  
'Pray' tremble not, you have no Cause.

*Quif.* So bafe a Violation of my Privacy?

*Arm.* If there be in you any Female pity,  
And that your fears have not proclaimed me Monftrous,  
Look on me and believe me; is this Violence?  
The Griefs and Sorrows that grow here, Impudence?  
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your Beauty,  
A Ruffian's boldnefs? is Humility Rudenefs?  
Far be it from my Heart to fright your Quiet,  
And heaviest Curse fall on me, when I intend it.

*Quif.* May I believe?

*Arm.* Had I been mischievous,  
Athen I must be Mad, or were a Monster,  
If any fuch bafe Thoughts had harbour'd here,  
Or Violence becoming not a Man,  
You have a thousand Bulwarks to assure you,  
The Holy Powers bear shields for Chastity.  
If you misdoubt me still,  
Or yet retain a fear I am not honest,  
Or come with impure Thoughts to these blest Mansions,  
Take this and sheath it here; be your own safety:  
Make haft to rid fears, and let me perish.  
How willing shall I sleep to fatisfie you!

*Quif.* What came you then for?

*Arm.* To complain, my Angel,  
But Modestly.

*Quif.* Of What?

*Arm.* Your Cruelty.

For though I die I will not blame the Doer.  
To instance what I have done to obtain you,  
If any thing that Love Commands, may reach you,  
To have remember'd you—but I'm unworthy,  
And to that Misery falls all my Fortune,  
That Oh I fear to claim what you have promised!  
(So much more easy was the Task proposed,

Than

Than to demand the Recompence) to have told you,  
 That as my Love is honest 'tis confirm'd  
 Beyond the Power even of your dread Commands,  
 To change or make it less; beyond your Scorn:  
 For though despairing I have sworn to Marry  
 You or your Memory—— 'Pray' be not Angry.

*Quis.* Then you would have me pass a fair Opinion  
 Of this untimely Entrance; that it meant  
 No Violation to my Peace or Honour;  
 And but the rash Effects of Love's Excess?

*Arm.* No more by Heaven.

*Quis.* And that you are hereafter  
 Devoted to my Service.

*Arm.* Life and Fortune.

*Quis.* I'll try then your Obedience.

*Arm.* I am ready,  
 Without demanding what.

*Quis.* Then from this hour expect no farther favour,  
 nor once remember services you have done, nor dangers  
 past, nor the rewards due to them.

*Arm.* Is this my Doom, and is there no Redress?

*Quis.* But one,  
 Which you must wholly to my Favour owe;  
 For I must blush to tell your Cure—— I LOVE ——  
 My Heart was all dispos'd before you claim'd it;  
 Fancy had got the start of your Deserts,  
 Which yet I prize so high, that for your Ease,  
 I force my Modesty on this Confession,  
 To disengage your hopes: nor let the Man,  
 That has so highly serv'd, depend  
 On Fruitless Air.

*Arm.* This is indeed Court Mercy,  
 To let the Suitor know his Doom betimes.  
 But, Madam, was——

*Quis.* I've said and must enjoya you,  
 To quit this Place immediately.

*Arm.* I obey you.

*[As he is going out he justles  
 with Ruidias Entering.]*

*Rui.*

*Rui.* Ha! Who is This?

*Arm.* Who art Thou?

*Rui.* A Gentleman.

*Arm.* Thou art no more I am sure.—Oh'tis *Ruidias*,  
And I perceive her favour'd Lover.

*Rui.* Is there not Door enough,  
You take such Elbow room?

*Arm.* What I take I'll carry.

*Rui.* Do's this become you Princess?

*Arm.* Jealousalas of Mee! How blind is Man.  
Go, freely go, I give thee Leave.

*Rui.* Your Leave?

*Arm.* The Place and you are privileged; therefore go.  
[Exit Armusia.]

*Quif.* What a pure Soul inhabits in this Youth?  
Courage and Temper; such transcending Worth,  
As cannot fail to make Impress of Love  
In heart not pre-engaged: My choice is past!

*Rui.* Am I then made your Property? Are these, Madam,  
The Banquets that you bid me to? the trust  
I build my goodly hopes on?

*Quif.* Be more Temperate;  
Your Love stands yet upon my Courtesie;  
I never gave you Promise, bare Permission,  
To tell your Love was all I've yet allow'd,  
And if you do abuse your Privilege—

*Rui.* Armusia here, and in the dead of Night:  
May I not, Madam, take the leave to ask,  
How he came hither; pressing, or invited?

*Quif.* You are too bold.

*Rui.* What, At these private Hours?

*Quif.* You are to rash to tax me with an Error.  
Know what I am, and my Prerogative;  
I never taught you too dispose my Freedom.  
How durst you touch my Honour, blot my meaning,  
And name an Action and of mine, but Noble!  
Are those the Gratuities you bring, *Ruidias*,  
The Thanks, the Services? How have I grac'd thee?  
And dost thou in return upbraid my Vertue?

*Rui.*

*Rui.* I was to blame.

*Quis.* *Armusia* wou'd not pass so rash a Censure,  
And Justice tells me I should punish thee:  
But 'twas a fault of Love——Yet learn henceforth  
Less Jealousie, nay I had almost said,  
More Gallantry.

*Rui.* More Gallantry! She cannot doubt my Courage,  
This Isle has found it——But *Armusia's* Lawrels  
Bear fresher Date——Yet still I hold her Heart,  
And must with him dispute the point of Fame,  
And when I have o'ercome him the Field,  
His ruin'd Glories mine shall firmer Build.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Pymero.*

*Pym.* MY Uncle haunts me up and down, looks Melancholy, wondrous proof-Melancholy, sometimes Swears, then Whistles, Starts, Cries, Groans, as he had got the Botts: I think he has little better. And wou'd fain speak to me; bids me Good-Morrow at Midnight, and Good-Night when it is Noon: Has something hovers about his Brains, that's loath to out. *[Enter Ruidias.]*

Still he follows me. How he looks still, and how he beats about like an old Dog at a dead Scent—— I marry there was a sigh to set a Ship a Sailing——These Winds of Love and Honour blow at all ends——Now speak an't be thy will? Good-Morrow Uncle.

*Rui.* Good Morrow, Sir.

*Pym.* This is a new Salute.  
Sure he's forgot me: This Pur-blind Cupid.

*Rui.* My Nephew.

*Pym.* Yes, Sir, if I am not chang'd.

*Rui.*



*Rui.* I wou'd fain speak with you, shouldst thou?

*Pym.* I wou'd fain have you, Sir.

*Rui.* You know I love you: Next to my self, you stand in all Employments, Your Counsels, Cares, Assignments with me equal; So is my study still to plant your Person, O my *Pymero*!

*Pym.* Sir, What hangs upon you? What heavy weight Oppresses you? Y'ave lost An opportunity to gain a Mistress, Time will Cure that.

*Rui.* But Oh the Reputation! To have another get the start in Glory, What Time cures that?

*Pym.* Your Fame already has enough to live on; It may be you fear her too, doubt your Mistress May fall away, or be forced from you.

*Rui.* O she is true, but I undone for ever. Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that Stranger, That Flagg stuck up to rob me of my Honour, That Murdering Chain shot at me from my Country, That goodly Plague, that I must Court to kill me!

*Pym.* Has he not done a brave Thing?

*Rui.* I confess it, Nephew, must allow it, But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me, Has trod me like a Name in Sand, to nothing; Hangs betwixt Hopes and me and threatens my Ruine: If he thus rise and blaze, farewell my Fortune.

*Pym.* In Complaisance t'ye Uncle, a Pox-on-him, And Pox-a-mie for saying so, he's brave, And like enough to hold—

*Rui.* Then I must perish: Had he set up at any rest but this, Done any thing but what concern'd my Fame, The everlasting losing of my Worth—

*Pym.* Which yet you must retrieve, I know your Drift.

*Rui.* My Sword is in my hand, my Cause upon't, And Man to Man, one Valour to another, My Hope to his.

*Pym.*

*Pym.* Why, this is like *Ruidias*.

*Rui.* The difference of our State flung by, forgotten,  
The full opinion, each was won in Service,  
Laid handsomly aside, only our Fortunes,  
Our single Manhoods.

*Pym.* I conceive you, Sir.

*Rui.* You guess what this means.

*Pym.* Yes, a Portion of Scripture, that has puzzled many an  
Interpreter.

*Rui.* As soon as you can find him----

*Pym.* That won't be long, Uncle,  
And o'my Conscience, he'll be ready as quickly.

*Rui.* Be sure you carry't so, that we may Fight.

*Pym.* Assure your self----

*Rui.* 'Pray' hear me,  
In some such place, where 't may be possible  
The Princess may behold us.

*Pym.* I conceive you :  
Upon the Sands behind the Castle, Sir ;  
A place remote enough, and there are Windows  
Out of her Lodging too, or I'm mistaken.

*Rui.* You're in the right--if you can work this handsomly.

*Pym.* Let me alone, I pray you be prepar'd  
Some three hours hence.  
If you have a few light Prayers that may befriend you---  
Run 'em over quickly.

*Rui.* Farewel, Nephew,  
And when we meet again----- [ *Exit.*

*Pym.* I shall dispatch, Sir,--- I have seen this Uncle  
Curry a Fellows Carcase handsomly,  
And in the Head of a Troop, stand as he had been  
Rooted there, dealing large Doles of Death---  
Success be with him---What a Rascal was that, did  
Not not see his Will drawn. [ *Exit.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Enter Governour, Quisara, and Panura.*

*Gov.* Bless you my royal Daughter,  
And in you bless this Island, *Heaven*.

*Quis. Panura,*

What thinkest thou of this Man?

*Pan.* Sure he's a wife man,

And a religious; he tells us things have happen'd

So many years ago almost forgotten,

As readily as if they were come this hour.

*Quis.* Do's he not meet with your sharp Tongue?

*Pan.* He tells me, Madam,

Marriage and mouldy Cheese will make me tamer.

*Gov.* Lady, I would talk with you,

*Quis.* Do, reverend Sir.

*Gov.* And for your good, for that, that must concern you,  
And give ear wisely to me.

*Quis.* I shall, Father.

*Gov.* You are a Princess of that excellence,  
Sweetness and grace, that Angel-like fair feature:

Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,

Nor do I dote in telling this; I am amazed, Lady,

And as I think the Gods bestowed these on ye,

The Gods that love ye.

*Quis.* I confess their bounty.

*Gov.* Apply it then to their use, to their honour,

To them and to their service give this sweetness,

They have an instant great use of your goodness;

You are a Saint esteemed here for your beauty;

And many a longing heart—

*Quis.* I seek no fealty,

Nor will I blench that Heaven hath fear'd on me,

I know my worth. Indeed the *Portugals*

I have at those commands, and their last Services;

Nay, even their lives; so much I think my Power,

That what I shall enjoyn—

*Gov.* Use it discreetly,

For I perceive ye understand me rightly,

For here the Gods regard your help, and suddenly; *The*

The Portugals, like sharp thorns, (mark me, Lady,)  
 Stick in our sides like Razors, wound Religion,  
 Draw deep, they wound till the life-blood follows,  
 Our Gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,  
 A mighty hand they bear upon our Government,  
 These are the men your miracle must work on,  
 Your Heavenly form either to root them out,  
 Which as you may endeavour, will be easie,  
 Remember whose great cause you have to execute,  
 To nip their memory, that may not spring more,  
 Or fairly bring 'em home to our Devotions,  
 Which will be blessed, and for which you, Sainted,  
 But cannot be, and they go, let me buzzle.

*Quis.* Go up with me,  
 Where we'll converse more privately;  
 I'll shew you shortly, how I hold their Temper,  
 And in what chain their Souls.

*Gov.* Keep fast that, hold still,  
 And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,  
 And link it to our Gods, and their fair Worships,  
 Or Daughter, pinch their hearts a pieces with it,  
 I'll wait upon your Grace.

*Quis.* Come, reverend Father,  
 Wait you below. *[Ex. Quis. and Gov.]*

*Pan.* If this Prophet were a young thing,  
 I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her,  
 These holy Coats are long, and hide iniquities.

*Quis.* Away, away Fool, a poor wretch.

*Pan.* These poor ones,  
 Warm but their Stomach once -

*Quis.* Come in, thou art foolish. *[Ex. Quis. and Pan.]*

*Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Pymero.*

*Arm.* I am sorry, Sir, my Fortune is so stubborn,  
 To court my Sword against my Country-man,  
 I love my Nation well, and where I find  
 A Portugal of noble Name and Virtue,  
 I am his humble Servant, Signieur Pymero,

Your person, nor your Uncle, am I angry with,  
 You are both fair Gentlemen, in my opinion,  
 And I protest I had rather use my Sword  
 In your defences, than against your safeties;  
 'Tis methinks, a strange dearth of Enemies,  
 When we seek Foes amongst our selves.

*Em.* You are injured,  
 And ye must make the best on't now, and readiest —

*Arm.* You see I am ready in the place, and Arm'd  
 To his desire that call'd me.

*Pym.* Yespeak worthily,  
 And I could with ye had met on Terms more friendly,  
 But it cannot now be so. [Enter Ruidias.

*Em.* Turn, Sir, and see.

*Pym.* I have kept my word with ye, Uncle,  
 The Gentleman's ready.

*Enter Governour and Quisara above.*

*Arm.* Ye are welcome.

*Rui.* Bid those Fools welcome that affect your courtesie,  
 I come not to use Complements, ye have wrong'd me,  
 And ye shall feel, proud man, ere I part from ye,  
 The effects of that, if Fortune do not fool me,  
 Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem it.

*Arm.* That's a proud word,  
 More than your Faith can justifie.

*Quis.* Sure they will fight.

*Rui.* She's there, I am happy.

*Gov.* Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,  
 These are the main posts, if they fall, the buildings  
 Will tumble quickly.

*Quis.* How temperate, *Armusia*?  
 No more, be quiet yet. [Gov. offers to speak.

*Arm.* I am not bloody,  
 Nor do feel such mortal malice in me,  
 But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,  
 I am resolved to fight.

*Rui.* Fight home, *Armusia*,

For



For if thou faint'st or fail'st ———

*Arm.* Do you make all advantages?

*Rui.* All ways unto thy life, I will not spare thee,  
Nor look not for thy mercy.

*Arm.* I am arm'd then.

*Rui.* Stand still I charge ye, Nephew, as ye honour me.

*Arm.* And good *Emanuel* ——— not ———

*Pym.* Ye speak fitly,

For we had not stood idle else.

*Gov.* I am sorry for't.

*Em.* But since you will have it so ———

*Rui.* Come, Sir.

*Arm.* I wait ye.

*Pym.* I marry, this looks handsomly,  
This is warm work.

*Gov.* Both fall, an't be thy will.

[ *Ruidias fall's;*

*Pym.* My Uncle dead?

*Em.* Stand still, my Sword in ———

*Arm.* Now brave *Ruidias*,

Now where's your Confidence, your Prayers? quickly,  
Your own spite has condemned ye.

*Quis.* Hold! *Armusa*.

*Arm.* Most happy Lady.

*Quis.* Hold, and let him rise,  
Spare him for me.

*Arm.* A long life may he enjoy, Lady.

*Gov.* What have you done? 'tis better they had all perish'd.

*Quis.* Peace, Father, I work for the best; *Armusa*, meet me  
In the Temple, an hour hence. [ *Ex. Quis. and Gov.*

*Arm.* I shall, Madam.

*Pym.* Now as I live, a Gentleman, at all Inches,  
So brave a mingled temper, saw I never.

*Arm.* Why are you sad, Sir; how would this have griev'd ye,  
If you had fallen under a profest Enemy?

Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?

Pray you be at peace, I am so far from wronging,

Or glorying in the pride of such Victory,

That I desire to serve you; pray be cheerful.

*Pym.* D'ye hear this, Sir? Why do you hold your head down?

'Tis.

'Tis no High Treason, I take it to be equal'd:  
To have a Slip i'the Field no mortal Sin.

*Arm.* It may be,  
You think my Tongue may be your Enemy,  
And though restrain'd sometimes out of a Bravery,  
May take a privilege to dishonour you.  
Believe me, Sir, so much I hate that freedom,  
That in a strangers Mouth, 'twill prove an injury,  
And I shall right you in't [Exit.

*Rui.* Let me Curse Fortune yet—  
Nephew, your Arm. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter King and Governour.*

*Gov.* **S**IR, Sir, you must do something suddainly,  
To stop his Pride, so great and high he shoots,  
Upon his person too, your State sinks else.  
You must not stand now on terms of Gratitude,  
And let a simple tenderness besot you;  
I'll bring you instantly, where you shall see him,  
Attempting your fair Sister privately:  
Mark but his high behaviour then.

*King.* I will, Father.

*Gov.* And with what scorn, I fear contempt too,  
Against our Duties.

*King.* I hope not.

*Gov.* I say, attempting to Corrupt her Soul,  
The worst Debauchery—— I will not name Lust;  
It may be that also.

A little force must be apply'd upon him,  
Now, now, apply a little force to humble him;  
These kind Caresses do but make him wanton.

*King.* Take heed you wrong him not.

*Gov.* Take you heed to your safety,  
The freedom of your People; to the Gods:  
I but forewarn you, King; if you misdoubt me,  
Or think I come unfeint——

*King.*

*King.* No, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV: *The Temple.*

Quisara, Armusia.

*Arm.* **M** Adam, you see there's nothing I can reach,  
Either in my obedience, or my Service,  
That can deserve your Love, but I pursue it;  
Take pleasure in your will; even in your Anger,  
I study new Humility to please you;  
And take a kind of Joy in my Afflictions,  
Because they come from you.

*Quis.* I know you have deserv'd,  
And know that in the Rigour of strict Justice,  
I should endeavour to requite your Service,  
I know you Love.

*Arm.* If ever Love was mortal,  
And dwelt in Man, so fix'd I find it here,  
Respect of such a greatness as allows  
What I have done already, weak performance,  
And unproportion'd to the vast Reward.  
It is but just, that who aspires to Heav'n,  
Shou'd win it by his worth, and not Sleep to it.

*Enter King and Governour above.*

*Gov.* Now, Sir, stand close, to hear, and as you find him,  
Believe me right or let Religion suffer.

*Quis.* I dare believe your worth, without additions:  
You had my Sammons to attend me here,  
On some Commands of weight.

*Arm.* I am prepar'd:  
But point to me the Course, you'd have me Steer,  
And if I shrink—

*Quis.* I know you are no Coward;  
Then take the outmost Tryal of your Duty;  
You hold there's nothing dear that may oblige me,  
Doubted or dangerous.

*Arm.*

*Arm.* Nothing, Madam.  
Let me but know, that I may fly into't.

*Quis.* I'll tell you then — Change your Religion,  
And be of one Belief with me.

*Arm.* How!

*Quis.* Mark me,  
Worship our Gods, renounce the Faith you were bred in.

*Arm.* Ha! I'll die first.

*Quis.* Offer as we do.

*Arm.* To the Devil?

*Gov.* O Blasphemy!

*King.* Peace.

*Arm.* Offer to him, I hate!

Offer to Dogs and Cats! To them you offer,  
To ev'ry Bird that flies, to every Worm:  
Is this the Tryal?

*Quis.* I will reason with you;  
Are not our Powers eternal, and their Comforts  
As great and full of Hopes, as yours?

*Arm.* They are Shadows.

*Gov.* Now mark him, Sir, observe him nearly.

*Arm.* Their comforts, like themselves, meer Fictions:  
You make 'em Sick, as we are, Peevish, Mad,  
Subject to Age, and how can they cure us,  
That are not able to refine themselves?

*Quis.* The Sun and Moon we Worship; they are Heavenly.

*Arm.* But I the maker of that Sun and Moon,  
That gave those Bodies light, and influence,  
That pointed out their Paths, and taught their motions:  
Excuse me, Princess, if my Zeal for Truth  
Extort a generous Freedom of my Tongue;  
What 'ere restraints my private Grievs have born,  
Yet for Heav'n's cause I must proclaim aloud.  
Take privilege even to oppose your Will,  
And call for Justice to th' Eternal due:  
I hop'd you wou'd have said, make me a Christian;  
Work that great Cure, for 'tis a great one, Princess.  
To mortify the Sense, subdue the Will,  
Refining Earth to Immortality.

I hop'd your Royal Brother, in return  
Of Providence, that by my Arm retriev'd him,  
Wou'd have e're this, before the face of Heaven,  
Destroy'd those Idol Gods you here adore,  
Beat down their Altars, ruin'd these false Temples.

*Gov.* Now Sir. —

*King.* I'll hear no more —

[ *King and Governor descend.* ]

*Quis.* Thus far in Charity I was oblig'd  
To rectify the Errors of your thought,  
Nor can the blame be mine to want success,  
'Twas by these Pow'ers that I was sworn to wed  
The Kings deliverer; these you blaspheme,  
Them and their Pow'r you frankly have renounced,  
And thereby free me from all Obligation.

*Arm.* You are too just to make this slight Evasion,  
And with Religious subtlety destroy.

*Quis.* You shall both find me just, sincere and plain,  
Therefore resolve to quit your Faith or me.

*Arm.* My Life and Love for ever must be your's,  
But my Religion Heav'n's.

*Quis.* You heard your Task.

*Arm.* Name any Task but that ; extreamest danger,  
And certain Death, to gratifie your will;  
I dare do any thing but injure Heaven,  
And stab th' Almighty's Image in my Soul.  
Can I renounce the Power, the whole Creation,  
Which every Plant and Element confess,  
That gave this very Breath, with which I plead  
Shall I abjure the Author of that Form ?

A Temple fit for Angels to inhabit,  
When once the mist of Error is withdrawn.

*Quis.* Acknowledge our Belief, and instantly;  
For if you let this happy minute pass  
No Recantation shall prevail hereafter.

*Arm.* Call you this Charity ?

*Quis.* Nay then —

*Arm.* You must not go —  
What have I done to Merit this hard Sentence.



To have my very Soul rack't, forc't to quit  
 My Heaven above, or Paradise on Earth?  
 How well I Love, how much I do prefer  
 Your Charms to all that's good beneath the Stars,  
 Truth must declare; but to th'Eternal Being  
 Can never be Apostate——Heart or Soul  
 Must perish on this Sea——; Then sink my Heart,  
 To save th'Immortal Treasure, thus I quit  
 Your Love's rich claim, tho while I so resign  
 No Martyrdom sure ever equall'd mine.

*Quis.* Noble *Armusia*, I am now confirmed,  
 In quitting you have gain'd me: I resolv'd  
 To make the outmost Tryal of your Faith,  
 And in your Faith of you: I know your Doctrine  
 Is heavenly all, and you have prov'd the practice.  
 While her you Love you cou'd for Heaven resign,  
 The Faith that rules your breast must be Divine,  
 That Faith and you for ever now are mine.

*Arm.* Is't possible! O unexpected bliss!  
 Look down ye sacred Quires and share my Joy.

*Enter King, Governour and Guards.*

*King.* Nay, start not, take my confirmation too,  
 You had my Promise, Sir, of Recompence,  
 For your high Service: 'Twas my free consent,  
 To let *Quisara's* hand in Nuptial tye,  
 Be joyn'd with yours: This Sir was my engagement;  
 Which in the presence of this holy Man

I ratifie. *[The Kings joyns their hands.]*

*Gov.* The Devil! *[Aside.]*  
 What can this mean?

*King.* But as the holy Powers that here reside,  
 Have seen me just to your deserts and you;  
 To their own Altars they must see me just,  
 And to those Laws, with which no claim of Friendship  
 Or Interest can dispense——. Guards seize your Prisoner.

*Gov.* That's well retriev'd; be sure ye bind him fast.

*Quis.* Bind your Restorer, Prince?

*Arm.*

*Arm.* Are these the Nuptials]  
You promised my free Service?

*Quif.* 'Tis an Office,  
That only can become a Tyrant Fiend,  
Such as *Ternusa's* Governour.

*Gov.* That's right.

[*Aside.*

*Quif.* Such vile returns as these, must stagger Nature;  
And banish Virtue from the World.

*King.* O Sister!

Heavens knows what sense of gratitude I bear,  
And to his Friendship how sublime regard:  
Had he offended me I had forgiven,  
Though to th'attempting of my Life and Crown:  
I own them both his gift, but to our Gods,  
Our sacred Powers the injury is done,  
Bastphemed, Reviled.

*Gov.* And think you they will bear it?  
I see ripe Vengeance teeming from the Heavens,  
If you dispense with this, on you and me,  
And all *Tedore*, whose Marble ribs shall rend  
And sink beneath the Main: Spare us kind Powers,  
Forgive our impious Clemency, that yet  
The proud Bastphemer lives.

*King.* Most holy Father,  
Urge not the Vengeance of the Gods too far:  
Must he needs Dye?

*Gov.* 'Tis next to Bastphemy  
To make a doubt on't.

*King.* True! our most dear affections  
Must yield to sacred Laws.

*Arm.* Use all your Violence,  
I ask no Mercy nor recant my Words.

*Quif.* His Virtue serves a Power: will give him strength  
To scorn your Idol-Gods.

*King.* How's this, *Quisara*!

*Quif.* Know King that if your Laws require his Blood,  
They challenge mine; our Love and Faith are One.

*King.* *Quisara* too! O Sister wound not thus  
My tortured Heart: Good Father, your assistance.

What means this frenzy?

*Gov.* These are tokens, Sir,  
The Gods displeasure is gone out; be quick;  
And e'er it fall, do something to appease them.

*King.* Quisara own his Faith! What must be done,

*Gov.* They must die both, in Sacrifice, and instantly;  
To those dread Powers they have blasphemed:  
It makes me weep to urge their Punishment.

*King.* Most Gracious and Compassionate Soul,

*Gov.* Yet if you mitigate or defer their doom,  
I then must Curse you from the Gods;  
Call up their Vengeance from the flaming Lake,  
And hurl it on your Land; I have charge for it!

*King.* Bear them to Justice, for I dare not trust  
My Nature with the Parly: Your hand Father.  
Our Gods exact their Blood and they must Die;  
Yet shall their Obsequies this comfort have,  
Their Judge shall be their Mourner—O support me.

*Gov.* My Heart akes too. [Exit King and Governour.

*Manent Armusia, Quisara, Guards.*

*Arm.* Such cruel Piety  
Was never known. Princess, I have betrayed you,  
But to eternal rest.

*Quis.* Our Souls shall meet,  
And celebrate in Paradise their Nuptials.

*Arm.* Seraphick Maid? Thy Name shall stand recorded  
With Virgin-Saints, the first in Vertue's Roll,  
Through many years experience they arriv'd.  
Consummate Piety, with matchless speed,  
You take you Progress on the sacred way,  
A Convert and a Martyr in a Day.

*Exeunt Guarded.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I. *A Grove.**An Idol, and Altar of Thor, at distance.**Enter King and Governour.*

*King.* I Am ungrateful, and a wretch, (persuade me not)  
 Forgetful of the mercy he shew'd me,  
 The timely noble Pity. Why shou'd I,  
 Why should I make him die, who set me free ?  
 Why shou'd it come from me ? Why, I command it ?  
 Will not all Tongues, and Truths call me ungrateful ?

*Gov.* Had the offence been aim'd at you, 'tis certain  
 It had been in you power, and your discretion,  
 To have turn'd it into Mercy, and forgiven it ;  
 It then had shew'd a vertuous point of Gratitude.  
 Timely and nobly paid ; But since the Cause  
 Concerns the Honour of the Gods, their Title,  
 'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges :  
 And these Revolts in you show plain Rebellion.

*King.* They are mild and pitiful.

*Gov.* To those Repent.

*King.* Their Natures soft, and tender.

*Gov.* To true Hearts,

That feel compunction for their Trespases :  
 This pair defies 'em still, threaten destruction  
 And demolition to their Arms and Worship ;  
 Therefore take heed, Sir, that you be not found,  
 And mark'd a favourer of their Dishonour :  
 They use no common Justice.

*King.* Your say right.

But see ; behold the Pomp of Death comes on !  
 What shall I do to merit of this Man.  
 I'll once more try if I can fairly win 'em.

*Solemn*

*Solemn Musick. Enter a Procession of Priests, as to the Sacrifice. [Armusia and Quisara wreath'd, and bound. Guards. Croud following. The King goes up to Armusia, and speaks.*

*King.* Once more, *Armusia*,  
Because I love you tenderly and dearly,  
And would be glad to win you mine ; I wish you,  
Ev'n from my heart, I wish and woove you —

*Arm.* What, Sir ?  
Take heed how you persuade me falsely, then you hate me;  
Take heed how you intrap me.

*King.* I advise you,  
And tenderly and truly I advise you,  
Both for your Souls health and your safety.

*Arm.* Stay,  
And name my Soul no more ; she is too precious,  
Too glorious for your flatteries; too secure too.

*Gov.* Consider the reward, Sir, and the honour  
That is prepar'd, the Glory you shall grow to.

*Arm.* They are not to be considered in these Cases,  
Not to be nam'd when Souls are question'd ;  
They are vain and flying Vapours : Touch my Life,  
'Tis ready for you, put it to what Test  
It shall please you, I am patient ; but for the rest —

*Gov.* We must use Tortures then.

*Arm.* Your worst, and painfull'st  
I am joyful to accept.

*Gov.* You must our sharpest ;  
For such has been your hate against our Deities,  
Deliver'd openly; your threats, and scorings ;  
And either your Repentance must be mighty,  
Which is your free Conversion to our Customs,  
Or equal punishment, which is your life, Sir.

*Arm.* I am glad I have it for you ; take it, Priest,  
And all the Misery that shall attend it :  
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian Blood,  
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,



So far reveng'd, and with such holy Justice,  
 Your Gods of Gold shall melt and sink before it ;  
 Your Altars and your Temples shake to nothing,  
 And you, false Worshipers, blind Fools of Ceremonies,  
 Shall seek for Holes to hide your heads and fears in ;  
 For Seas to swallow you from this Destruction ;  
 Darkness to dwell about you and conceal you.

*Gov.* Make the Fires ready,  
 And bring the several Tortures out.

*Quis.* Stand fast, Sir,  
 And fear'em not ; you that have slept so nobly  
 Into this pious Tryal, start not now :  
 Keep on your way, a Virgin will assist you,  
 A Virgin, won by your fair constancy,  
 And glorying that she is won, so will die with you.

*Arm.* Let me begin my Triumph ;  
 Come, clap your Terrors on.

*Quis.* All your fell Tortures ;  
 For there is nothing he shall suffer, Brother,  
 I swear by my new Faith, which is most sacred,  
 And I will keep it so, but I will follow in,  
 And follow to a scruple of affliction.  
 In spite of all your Gods, without prevention.

*Gov.* S'Death, she amazes me !

*King.* What shall be done now ?

*Gov.* They must die both,  
 And suddenly, they will corrupt all else.  
 Go you in, Sir, I'll see the Execution.

*King.* 'Tis cruel ;  
 You injur'd Powers, that I permit you justice ;  
 But for the sight —

*Gov.* You are excus'd for that,  
 I'll bear that Torture for you ; good Sir, in ;  
 You see all's ready, Sir, and we must strike  
 Before your Eyes else.

*King.* Well, what must be ?

*As the King is going off, and the Priests address to their Work, the whole Company is Alarmed by the noise of great Guns.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Arms, Arms, Sir ;  
Seek for defence, the Castle Plays, and Thunders,  
Our Town Rocks, and our Houses fly in Air,  
The people die for fear ; General *Ruidias*  
Has sent t'inform us, he'll not leave a Stone,  
No, not the memory there has stood a City,  
Unless *Armusia* be deliver'd fairly.

*King.* Father, what can our Gods do for us now ?

*Gov.* *Ruidias* do this ! what, to free *Armusia*,  
His Rival ? 'tis impossible.

*Mess.* This was his Summons,  
Which still you hear him Thunder from the Fort.

*Gov.* Wou'd I were safe at home again.

[ *Aside.*

Come, Sir,

Leave me to see the Execution done,  
While you return and fortifie the Palace :  
Nothing but mischief, till th'incensed Powers  
Are satisfied with these Blasphemers Blood ;  
Earthquakes and Hurricanes will seize us next :  
Dispatch, dispatch there.

*King.* By Heaven I'll rule in this : they shall not die,  
Till I have seen this furious Storm allay'd,  
Bear back the Prisoners to the Palace, Guards ;  
All to your charge, how desperately they Thunder ! [ *Ex.*

*Arm.* Brave *Ruidias*, this is like a Souldier,  
A Portuguese and Christian, to do favours  
Without the form of promise.

*Quint.* 'Tis but a debt of Honour nobly paid.

*Gov.* Plague on your bellowing.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Four Towns-Men.*

1. Bless us, what a Thundring is here! What Fire-spitting!  
We can't drink but the Cans are maul'd out of our hands.

2. I wou'd they wou'd maul our scores too. A shame of  
their Guns, how devilishy they bounce! and how the Bullets  
borrow the side of a House here, and there another, and  
mend those up again with another Ward!

3. I had the roof of my House taken off with a Chain-  
shot, and half an hour after, I found another standing in  
the room on't.

4. We shall make a wonderful Siege on't, if we talk at  
this rate.

2. You think he lyes now: why, I have seen a Steeple  
taken off, and another clapt i'th-place, with twenty Men  
ringing the Bells in't.

4. Thou Boy!

1. Why then, we shall not know our own Streets a-  
gain.

2. Nor where to pay our Duties. I hope I shou'd love  
Chain-shot the better as long as I live, for that good turn,  
i' Faith: I know not, it may fall out so; for, these Guns  
make strange work. Here flies a Powdring tub; and there  
the Soldiers go together by the Ears, for the Meat in't:  
There flies the Roast-meat, spit and all: here a Barrel pisses  
Vinegar.

4. A Vengeance fire 'em all.

1. They fire fast enough; they need no help.

4. Are these the *Portugal* Bulls? How loud they Bel-  
low?

2. Their Horns are wonderful strong, they push down  
Palaces; they tols our little habitations like Whelps, like  
Trundle-tails, with their Heels upwards: All the Win-  
dows in the Town dance Trenchmore; 'Tis like to prove  
a blessed Age for Glasiers; I met a Hand and a Letter in't,  
in great hast; and by and by, a Leg running after it, as if  
the hand had forgot part of its errand.

4. Heads fly like Foot-balls every where: What shall we do?

2. I care not, my Shop's cancell'd, and all the Pots and Pipkins vanished; there was a single Bullet and they, together by the Ears, you would have thought Torn Tumbler, and all his Troop of Devils had been there.

1. Well, for my part, I'll to the Temple and pray for you all: I tell you Neighbours, I trouble Heaven so seldom, that sure I may be heard, when I come. For I begin to like this *Portugals* Kerfson Religion: What can these Worm-eaten Gods of ours do for us?

4. Worm-eaten Gods! I tell you, Neighbour, you do our Gods wrong, and me wrong: I made 'em of the best season'd Timber the Island wou'd afford.

3. But do the Cannon Bullets think there is no Law?

4. No, nor Gospel neither; Law, prithee run to a *Granado*, when it comes piping hot out of a Mortar-piece into the Town, and tell it there's Law; 'twill scratch they face for thee, worse than e'er thy Wife did. Law! I do but think, what Lanes a Chain-shot wou'd make in the Law! And how like an Ass a Judge wou'd sit upon the Bench, with his head shot off.

3. Let's to the King, and get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomely, by this hand there's no walking above ground else.

2. By this Leg, (let me swear nimbly by it, for I know not how long) if I were out o'th Town, if I came in again to fetch my Breakfast, I'd give 'em leave to cram me with a *Portugal* Pudding. But come Neighbours, our best way will be to go to the Insurance-Office and compound: I am a Fencer; I'll give 'em one Arm, to secure t'other. Thou art a Dancing-Master; thou shalt give thy Head to secure thy Heels.

3. Why my Head?

2. Because that's of least use to thee, of any thing about thee: So every Man shall give away the rest of his Body, to insure the Limbs that are of most use in his calling.

*Enter*

*Enter Pymero, and Panura.*

*Pym.* Art' sure it was the blind Priest ?

*Pan.* Yes, most certain,

He has provok'd all this : The King is merciful,  
And wondrous loving, but he fires him on still,  
And when he cools irrages him; I know it:  
Threatens new Vengeance, and the Gods fierce Justice,  
When he but looks with fair Eyes on *Armusia*;  
Will lend him no time to relent; my Royal Mistress,  
She has entertain'd a Christian hope.

*Pym.* Speak truly.

*Pan.* Nay 'tis most true; but Lord, how he lies at her,  
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her;  
And I fear, if not speedily prevented;  
If she continues stout, both shall be executed.

*Pym.* I'll kiss thee for this News: Nay, poor *Panura*,  
If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with Christian;  
The best way to convert thee.

*Pan.* Make me believe so.

*Pym.* I will I'faith: But which way cam'st thou hither?  
The Palace is close guarded and barricado'd.

*Pan.* I came through a private Vault, which few there know of,  
It rises in a Temple not far hence,  
Close by the Castle here.

*Pym.* How ——— To what end?

*Pan.* A good one,

To give you knowledge of my new born Mistress,  
And in what doubt *Armusia* stands:  
Think any present means, or hope, to stop 'em  
From their fell ends. The Princes are come in too,  
And they are hard'ned also.

*Pym.* The damn'd Priest ———

*Pan.* Sure he's a cruel Man? Methinks Religion  
Shou'd teach more temperate Lessons.

*Pym.* He, the Firebrand!  
He dare to touch at such fair Lives as theirs are!  
Well, Prophet, I Prophecy I shall catch you,



When all your Prophecies will not redeem you :  
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

*Pan.* Any good I am able.

*Pym.* And by thy own white hand, swear thou art Vertuous,  
And a brave Wench, durst thou but guide me presently  
Through the same Vault thou cam'st into the Palace,  
And those I shall appoint, such as I shall think fit.

*Pan.* Yes, I will do it, and suddenly and truly.

*Pym.* I would fain behold this Prophet.

*Pan.* Now I have you.

And I shall bring you where you shall behold him,  
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of Defences :  
That shall be my Care; but you must not betray me.

*Pym.* Dost think we are so base? Such slavish Rogues?

*Pan.* I do not,

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for you.

*Pym.* I must needs steal that Priest,  
Steal him, and hang him.

*Pan.* Do any thing to remove his Mischiefs, strangle him.

*Pym.* Come, Prithee.

*Pan.* You'll offer me no foul Play.

The Vault is dark.

*Pym.* 'Twas well remembred.

*Pan.* And you may——

But I hold you honest.

*Pym.* Honest enough, I'll warrant thee.

*Pan.* I am but a poor weak Wench; and what with the Place,  
And your Perswasion Sir,—— But I hope you will not.  
You know we are often Cozen'd.

*Pym.* If thou dost fear me,  
Why dost thou put me in mind?

*Pan.* To let you know, Sir,  
Though it be in your Power, and things fitting to it,  
Yet a true Gentleman——

*Pym.* I know what he'll do.

Come, and remember me, and I'll answer thee;  
I'll answer to the full: wee'll call at the Castle;  
And then, my good guide, do thy Will; 'thalt find me  
A very tractable Man.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* I hope I shall, Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers.*

*Bak.* Let my Men guard the Gates.

*Sya.* And mine the Temple,  
For fear the honour of our Gods shou'd suffer;  
And on your lives be watchful.

*Bak.* And be Valiant,  
And lets see if these *Portugals* dare enter,  
What their high hearts dare do; let's see how readily  
The great *Ruidias* will redeem his Countryman:  
He speaks proud Words and Threatens.

*Sya.* He is approv'd, Sir,  
And will put fair for what he promises:  
I cou'd wish friendlier Terms;  
Yet for our Liberties, and for our Gods,  
We are bound in our best Services,  
Even in the hazard of our Lives.

*Enter the King above.*

*King.* Come up, Princes,  
And give your Counsels, and your helps; the Fort still  
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,  
And turns our People wild with fears.

*Bak.* Send for the Prisoner, and give us leave to argue.

[*Ex. Bakam and Syana.*]

*Enter Ruidias, Emanuel, Christophero, Pedro with Soldiers.*

*Rui.* Come on nobly,  
And let the Fort Play still: we are strong enough  
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure;  
It may be on our view they will return him.

*Eman.* How the People stare!  
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily;  
But it is the King——

*Enter.*

*Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with Soldiers above.*

I cannot blame their Wisdom.  
They are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too!  
O, these are thankful Squires.

*Bak.* Hear *Ruidias*:  
Command thy Cannon instantly to cease,  
No more to trouble the afflicted People,  
Or suddenly *Armusia's* head goes off,  
As suddenly as said:  
Stay and be Temperate.

*Arm.* Do nothing that's dishonourable, brave *Ruidias*;  
Let not the care of me restrain your Valour;  
Pursue 'em still, they are base malicious People.

*King.* Be not thus desperate.

*Arm:* I scorn your courtesies,  
Strike when you dare, a fair aim guide the Gunner,  
And may he still let fly with Fortune. Friend,  
Do me the honour of a Souldiers Funeral,  
The last fair Christian Rites, see me i'th'ground;  
Then make these Idol Temples burn;  
On their scorn'd Gods erect my Monument;  
Touch not the Princess, as you are a Souldier.

*Quis.* Your fate, Sir, must be mine; one Life, one Death.

*King.* Be wise, and beg for Truce yet.

*Rui.* Let our Cannon Answer.

*Shoot again.*

*King.* So resolute! Draw all our Forces out,  
And make the General Assault.

*As the Guards Sally, they are met by Pymero and his Party, who bring the Governour.*

*Pym.* No, no, go on;  
Look here's your God and Prophet.

*King.* Heaven, I'm amaz'd! How came he taken?

*Pym.* I conjur'd for him, King;  
I'm a sure Cur at an old blind Prophet,

Ill hunt you such a false Knave admirably,  
A Terrier I; I Earth'd him, and then Snap him.

*Em.* By your good favour, Sir, we stole him,  
Ev'n from the next Chamber to you.

*King.* I am amaz'd at these mens courage, Guards,  
Rescue our Prophet first, then storm the Fort.

*Pym.* Come, come, begin, *King*,  
Begin this bloody contest, when you please,  
Your Minion first shall go to th' Dogs:

And yet I scorn my Sword should touch the Rascal.  
We'll tear him piece-meal thus before you——Ha!

[ Pulls of the Governours false Hair and Beard.

*King.* How's this ?

Art thou a Prophet ? What a dangerous Mist  
Have I been wrapt in ! Noble *Ruidias*,  
Our strife is at an end ; I was abus'd,  
My dear *Armusia*, O my injur'd Sister,  
What shall I urge in my defence ? *Ruidias*,  
Descend in peace, and meet me, on a Kings word!

*King and his Company, Ruidias and his, come down upon  
the Stage.*

*Pym.* This is a precious Prophet ! Why, *Dou Govenour*,  
What makes you here ? how long have you taken Orders ?

*King.* I can't speak for wonder.

*Gov.* I had paid you all,  
But Fortune plaid the Jade.

*King.* Generous Souls !  
Y'have half perswaded me to be a Christian:  
Once more, *Armusia*, let me do you justice.

*Rui.* Which I, Sir, needs must own, tho' once your Rival.

*Arm.* Brave *Ruidias*,  
You have in Honour started now beyond me,  
'Twas my Ambition but to quit the score.

*Rui.* And Fortune made me blest with the occasion.

*King.* To Prison with that wretch, there let him howl  
And

And, if he can repent, sigh out his Villanies :  
 His Island we shall seize into our Hands,  
 His Father and himself have both usurpt it,  
 And kept it by Oppression ; the Town and Castle  
 ( In which I lay my self most miserably,  
 Till my most honourable Friend redeem'd me )  
 Signior *Pymero*, I bestow on you ;  
 The rest of next Command upon these Gentlemen,  
 And on you all, my Love.

*Arm.* I am over-press'd with Fortune, past my Merit.

*King.* Our Court and Island, Sir, shall share your Joy ;  
 Our interests are one ; let Mirth and Triumph,  
 And Universal gladness freely flow.  
 What ever false and subtile men dare cast,  
 Just Heav'n on Vertue show's rewards at last.

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